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THE LIFE-BOAT TO THE RESCUE.—'Cottager and Artisan.'

Gallant Lifeboatmen.

(E. A. Moffat, in 'Hand and Heart.')

It may not be generally known that the founder of the English National Lifeboat Society, Sir William Hillary, Bart., lived at Fort Anne, Douglas, and it was the sight of a wreck there that first made him plan means of rescue, and then build the Tower of Refuge on a dangerous rock in Douglas Bay. I do not know, however, at what date it was erected.

On the 20th October, 1881, a great gale was raging, and a large barque, called the 'Lebu,' anchored in Douglas Bay. The wind was an inshore one, and after some time it was feared that she was dragging her anchors. Presently she showed signals of distress. Then we heard the double boom of the life-boat gun, and, after a short delay, saw the lifeboat responding to the signal. It was not long before she reached the 'Lebu,' but the captain had come to the conclusion that it was not necessary to leave the ship, and that the anchor would hold. So the lifeboat returned to the land, and, as one of the widows, told me afterwards, her husband had just sat down to dinner, when again the boom of the gun was heard, and sprang up. In vain did they urge him to take some food. 'No!' he said; "it was his duty to go at once." But now the wind had risen, and much tacking was needed before the lifeboat could reach the 'Lebu,' when the captain and crew (sixteen, including two women) were taken on board, darkness was falling, and the sad, unusual accident occurred, of the capsizing of the lifeboat. In this (1896) year's report of the National Lifeboat Society the following account of the disaster is given:—

'The lifeboat, whose dimensions were only thirty-two feet by seven feet six inches, was returning from a large barque called the 'Lebu,' with twenty-nine persons on board (sixteen of whom, including two women, were from the barque, and the boat's crew numbering thirteen), when she was struck by a heavy sea, whilst running before the wind under her foresail, capsized, and eleven lives were lost—four lifeboatmen, and the captain and six of the barque's crew. It is some satisfaction to note that the two women were among the saved.'

Among the lifeboatmen drowned was the one who had refused to stay one moment at home after the gun was fired. He was a splendid swimmer, but it was morning before he and the captain were found. They had swum to the shore in the dark, and their hands were full of sand, which showed that life must have been in them when they reached the shore, at a spot far from the wreck. Three other homes were desolate, for there was not one of them in which there was not one dead; and I shall never forget the sight of the stretcher on which the last sailor found was placed, as I met it being carried to the hospital mortuary, nor the grief in the four families. The sea had given up her dead, and sorrowing friends carried the poor battered bodies to their homes; but—

'O, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that was still.'

After all the 'Lebu,' rode safely through the gale. Many of the crew, and the two women, attended St. George's Church the following Sunday, when thanks were offered on their behalf for their preservation. We had a substantial meal at a coffee-house, provided for all our lifeboatmen, Twenty-two were present, and the coxswain (since dead) requested reading and prayer, as, he said, 'we were all nearly in eternity so lately.' Some of them possessed fine voices, especially one who sang, 'The Anchor's Weighed,' most touchingly.

But a curious thing happened about the 'Lebu.' Her owners sent a steam-tug to take her away, and the crew of the 'Lebu' went in it; but just before their tug left the harbor, another appeared on the scene—I suppose, a sort of piratical tug—and tried to capture it as a derelict. But though it reached the ship first, not one of the men could get on board. From my window I could see one tug chase the other, and could not imagine what was going on till we heard the explanation. It seems that the dog had been left on board the 'Lebu,' and would not allow any of the sailors from the first tug to board the ship, as it did not know them, and only allowed it to be boarded by the old crew and the men who came with them.

The head of the Douglas Rocket Corps (the late Captain John Caesar Quayle) always most kindly sent us a copy of his official report when any wreck occurred here, so that the next morning we knew the first thing the name of the vessel, etc., number of crew, and whether they were all saved; he knew how anxious we felt about the saving of life at sea, and that when the lifeboat was out we always kept a kind of prayerful watch at home till we saw it return safely.

A Swede's Escapes in China.

'China's Millions' relates that when one of its missionaries from Sweden and a native evangelist were on one occasion itinerating, they came to a village where the people seemed very hostile. The landlord of the inn in which he had taken lodgings, pleaded with them to move on, as a band of robbers meant to come and destroy his place to get the foreigner's money, and the poor man knew not what to do. 'I will tell you,' said the Swede, 'what we will do: we will have a prayer-meeting and pray to God, and he will deliver us.'

They called the inmates together and prayed to God for deliverance, and he heard and answered, the robbers being too scared to attack them. For two weeks they stayed in that place, having a prayer-meeting every night, and not a hand was raised against them, but souls were awakened.

They visited another village, and while asleep some one stole the Swede's shoes, and none could be bought. Again he called the friends together to pray for the restoration of his shoes, and while they were praying, first one shoe and then another was thrown through the window; while a voice called out, 'Here, take your shoes and stop praying—I am afraid your God will beat me.'

At another inn he was robbed of all his money and some of his clothing. He told the people of his loss, and said he must get it back as he had about two hundred miles to go ere he could reach the nearest station to get any more. 'Now,' he said, 'my God knows who has done it, and we will ask him to get it back for me.' So they began praying, and prayed on till someone said, 'Let us search every one in the inn,' and it was found sewn up in a man's clothing who had stayed the night there, and who said he had tried to get away, but could not manage to do so; therefore he must confess that their God was indeed a great God. While travelling, the Swede came to a much swollen river filled with blocks of broken ice, which must be crossed. There was no bridge or ferry-boat to be seen, but the Chinese said they would carry him over if he gave them a lot of silver. He said, 'I have no silver, so cannot give it; only copper cash.' As they refused, he boldly went into the water, and his assistants followed him. The water was up to their necks, but they trusted in God, and he failed them not. In safety they reached the other shore, where they praised God with grateful hearts. His testimony is that simple trust in the Lord can do all things.—'Christian Herald and Signs of our Times.'

An Infidel Band Converted.

In a certain town where the pastor was holding gospel services, there was a club mainly composed of infidel young men, numbering altogether about forty-five. One day the president of this club met the pastor, and said: 'Your meetings are having a good moral influence on the community, and I would like to see some of my young men going to them. To be honest with you, some of the young men in our society are getting pretty far away from the path they ought to walk in, and I would like to have them take any kind of moral tonic to set them right again.' The minister undertook to reserve a row of seats for the club, and the president promised that he and his young men should attend if the preacher would announce from the pulpit that they were not there because they had ceased to be infidels, but because the president considered the movement a good moral work.

On the first night five of the young men were converted, and the person who seemed happiest over it was the infidel leader. The next night several others decided for Christ; and, as the days went by, the club attended in a body, and the man most interested in getting the young men to confess Christ was the infidel president. He began to feel that his responsibilities towards these young men were beginning to roll away. He did not believe he had led them astray, but he was proud to think they were getting better. He did not have to worry any more about the young men going to saloons, and gambling-hells, and places of evil repute. He began to be very much relieved, and he seemed happy when one after another took a stand for Christ. Finally, at the concluding meeting of the series, the infidel leader stood up and made a confession of Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He afterwards gathered his young men into the Sunday-school, and became the teacher of a large bible-class. — 'Christian Herald.'

Love For Mother.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was fifty years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy: 'You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for all your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all I have done ill, and for all that I omitted to do well.'

John Quincy Adams did not part with his mother until he was nearly, or quite, as old as this: yet his cry even then was: 'Oh, God, could she have been spared yet a little longer! . . . . . Without her the world seems to me like a solitude.'

When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been for half a century a college president, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder and the singing to him of the old-time lullabies, as if his mother were still sitting by his bedside in loving ministry, as she had been well-nigh a century before. The true son never grows old to a true mother.—'Adviser.'

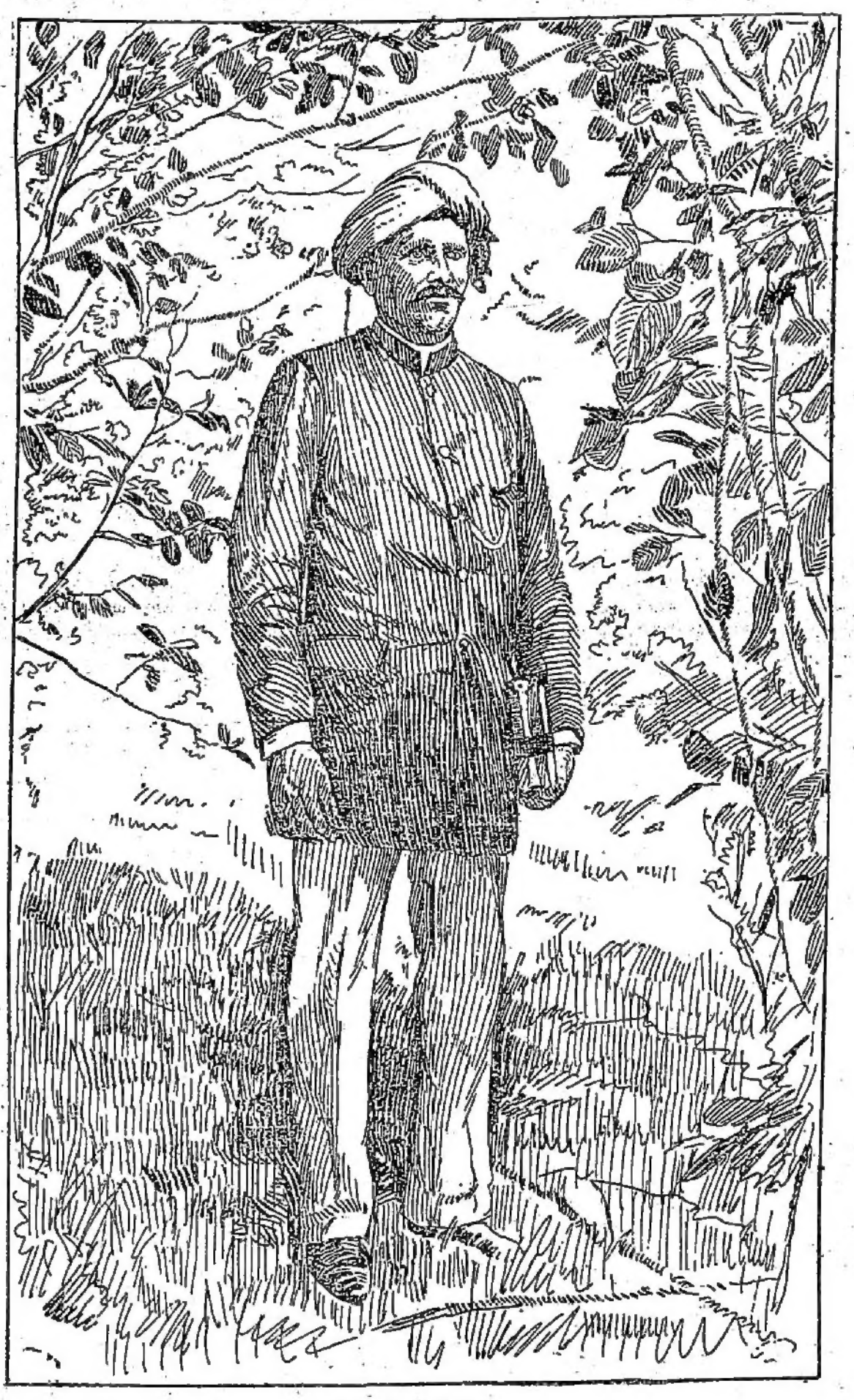
BOYS AND GIRLS

The Life More Abundant.

TAMIL DAVID'S CONVERSION.

(By V. D. David.)

Perhaps the most remarkable man at the recent Northfield Conference, was Tamil V. D. David, a native Hindu, who came to this country expressly to attend it. He was so regarded by many. In a three months' tour in India, over ten thousand are reported to have been converted, of whom thirty-seven started out to preach, as he does, without pay, collection or subscription. As one of



TAMIL V. D. DAVID.

the results of missions in India, his life and work seem marvellous. And that India should be sending back teachers to America seems more than passing strange. The following was his closing address:

I need not say much on filling, or the life more abundant, for as soon as Jesus comes into you, He cleanses and fills your heart with Himself. Cleansing and filling go together, cleansing by faith, and the life more abundant, or the promise of the Father, also by faith. Galatians, 3-14.

Now, I will seal what I have said by my testimony. I have not this message in theory only, but in practice and in my life. I do not simply teach what I have been taught, but I want to tell out what I have received and what I possess. My testimony will give you a clear conception of the truth about filling, or the life more abundant: so please pay attention and accept the filling by faith.

Let me first say a few words concerning the disciples before and after Pentecost.

When the disciples saw Jesus going away, they didn't know what to do; they felt very sorry. But Christ told them not to go from Jerusalem; but to tarry there until they received the promise of the Father. They were disciples, but they were not apostles. They had life, but they had not the life more abundant. They were preaching the Gospel, but they had no power. So Jesus said to them, 'Tarry at Jerusalem until you get the power from Heaven. When you get the power, go to Jerusalem first, then Judea, Samaria, and the uttermost parts of the earth.' They tarried there for ten days. They had ten days for prayer and praise and waiting on God, both men and women in the upper room, as well as in the temple. They waited upon God, and I believe they saw their own wickedness and the evil actions of their past unbelief, and the Lord God prepared them to receive this abundant life. They had to be prepared; they had to see the life they led while Jesus was in the world with them. They had to see all their evil before this wonderful power came upon them. God could have filled them in one day, but He made them tarry until they were ready to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. When they were ready, just at the right time, the Holy Ghost fell upon them. They all were filled with the Holy Ghost; and when they were filled, see what Peter did. He went to the open air and preached the Gospel. Before, he was afraid; he did not at all understand how to preach. Now he opened his mouth on the public street, and three thousand were converted in one meeting. Nowadays people preach thirty, forty or sixty times, and perhaps one or two are converted. Sometimes none at all. That man preached once and three thousand were converted. It was the power of God. My dear friend, unless you possess this power your preaching won't do any good. You may preach for twenty-five thousand years, and it will not amount to anything. You may do all you like; it won't be anything but spiritual gymnastics. Unless you receive this abundant life, your Christian life is not worth living.

Not only that, when they received this life, they bore all kinds of hardships, they suffered for Christ. O, what a wonderful life was theirs! Wherever they went, they manifested the life of Christ. People would say, 'Who are these men? Are they not Galileans? Hear how they speak, look at their faces, see the way they are bearing all difficulties.' Before that, they had no such power. What was the cause of it? They had received the life more abundant, the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Brother, you are born of God, you are walking with God; but you are not filled with God. Unless you get the filling there will be no power in your work. Why are many preachers, Sunday School teachers and Christian workers getting tired in their work? The secret is, they haven't this power. They are working in their own line, with the energy of the flesh. May the Lord God help you.

If you want to have this power, come to the point. First, separation, freedom from evil. Second, consecration, all that you are and all that you have upon the altar. Third, yielding your will to be anything. Fourth, believing that the Lord Jesus Christ can cleanse you from all sin, entire cleansing. Then comes the filling. He fills you with Himself. Then you will have glory inside and glory outside. O, may God help you to believe it!

Now, let me tell you how I received this life more abundant.

I was born in South India in 1853. My father was a mission agent. My mother was a schoolmistress, but when she was young she worshipped idols. My forefathers, too, were idol worshippers. My father died when I was about two years old, and my mother took good care of me. She did all she could to put me in school. I went to the mission school when I was very young, and stayed there until I was nine. Then I went to the

higher school, until I reached my sixteenth year.

I was a very disobedient boy. The teachers did not like me, and always wished they could get rid of me, because I was such a self-willed boy. I had a strong will. Sometimes my mother handed me over to someone else to thrash me. As soon as it was over, I would just rub it off, and go to them and say, 'What did you do after all?' Such a self-willed and stubborn-hearted boy I was. I was mischievous, and would throw all the blame on other boys. Once I played cards, and I was dismissed from the school. After I was dismissed, I went to another school, where I was under tuition for some time, and then I ran away from India to Ceylon.

At first, when I went to Ceylon, I did all the evil I could. Satan took me into every nook and corner of his kingdom. He trained me in his college; he taught me many things, to drink, to smoke, to play billiards and bagatelle. I was taken to a liquor store, where I was employed for some years to sell liquor and keep the books. The Lord God very often spoke to me, but I didn't care. I didn't yield to the voice of God. My dear mother used to write to me very often, but I never answered her letters. O, I broke her heart many times! While I was doing this work, the devil tempted me to lead a dishonest life. The man who kept the store couldn't read or write, so I did just as I liked with his money. For seven years I remained in that state; then the devil directed me to another line of work, to start a shop for myself and a partner. There, too, I made money, in an illegal way. Then I started in the book-binding business, learned photography and other things as well. In order to make money, I gave myself to everything.

I went on in that manner, without hope. Now and then I used to think, 'If I die, where will I go?' But that was only for a short time. When I was in this state, my mother came to Ceylon to take me away to South India. When she came she was sadly disappointed, because she thought I had money enough for my marriage, but it was not so. My mother took me to India. According to our custom, my uncle, being the head of the family, found me a wife. I never saw her before our marriage. But the Lord made it all for the better; when I saw her, I was satisfied. It was evident that the Lord's hand was on this wedding, and I was not disappointed. O, glory be to God, the Lord did all things well!

But I wasn't converted yet. After my conversion my wife told me that she had prayed to God to give her a converted husband, and she was disappointed when she found that I was not converted.

Now, let me tell you of my conversion. Within three hours of our marriage, she brought me a tract, and asked me to read it. It broke her heart when she found that I was not converted. After all her prayers, she did not get a converted husband; very often she shed tears for me. Now and then she used to speak to me about spiritual matters, but I never cared about them. She used to give me books sometimes, and I would read them just to please her. Once, she gave me Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. I laughed as I read it. I said, 'This man Bunyan suits me well.' My wife said nothing against my behavior, and kept on smiling all the time. I went hunting one year and spent all my mother's money. A year after our marriage, I went back to Ceylon with my wife and sought secular work, but my wife asked me to join the C.M.S. mission field. I said, 'Why should I join the mission? What salary will they give me? Perhaps they will give me ten rupees," (less than 5); 'what is the use of that? I must make money, I must enjoy the world as before.' My wife would say, 'Listen to me. What the Lord will give us will be enough, I will be responsible for food and clothing;' but I didn't understand what she meant. I said, 'What do I care about it? How do I know? I want to make sure of money first.' She kept praying to God, and the Lord God heard her prayer. One day she said to me, 'Would you like to go with me to see Mr. Rowlands, the minister?' I said, 'Yes,' and agreed to go. So we took a carriage and went as far as the gate of the minister's residence. Then I said, 'Turn the carriage; I can not be a mission agent, earning a few rupees. Certainly not. I have paid money enough to other people. Why should I go and take eight and ten rupees a month from these missionaries?' So we turned back; but the struggle went on between her and God: 'O, God, make my husband willing.' She prayed to God; she didn't speak to me much. At last I gave my consent to join the C.M.S. mission field for a small salary; it was surprising to me, for I did not know how my will got bent towards the mission work. I was employed as a teacher. I was not converted, but showed mysolf as if I were religious, though I was a well-known character for wickedness. Some of the mission agents were surprised to see me in the mission field. One day I was walking along one of the streets in Colombo, when suddenly, I don't know from where, I heard a voice, saying, 'David, David, you are wrong.' That is all the sermon I had from God, not from any minister or missionary, 'David, David, you are wrong.' As soon as I heard these words, I didn't know what to do. I tried to drown them, I tried to forget them, but I couldn't. I went home and told my wife, and said, 'I am very, very sorry, my heart is breaking. What a wretched and miserable sinner I am!' She said, 'I know it is all right now. My Lord has answered my prayer.' I didn't understand her; I didn't know what to say. While I was in this miserable state, she was praising the Lord. Then I said to her, 'What am I to do now? Tell me how I may get clear of this burden, this heavy load on my conscience. I can hardly breathe, I can't eat, I can't sleep. Please tell me the way.' She tried all she could to put me in the way. She said, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.' I said, 'I know that, but what is it to believe?' She didn't know how to explain. She had it, but she didn't know how to explain it; I said, 'Is that all your creed? You don't know how to lead a poor sinner to Christ? "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," you say. I know that, but what is it to believe? How did you believe? Put me in the way.' She was sorry because she couldn't help me. Poor thing, she often cried about it.

Well I found a lot of little tracts, 'The Blood of Jesus,' 'Assurance,' etc. I began to read lots of those books, and they gave me a little relief, but I didn't know how my sins were to be forgiven. I tried in all the ways I could. I wrote my sins on a piece of paper. Sometimes I used to cry, 'Is there any soul to show me the way of salvation?' They all said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.' That was all; no more. As I went on like that, I found a book called "The Anxious Inquirer," in which I found one verse which came as a home-thrust. Romans, 4: 5. The verse says: 'But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' The man who believeth will find salvation, not the man who worketh. So I took those two words, 'worketh' and 'believeth.' I went in the corner and sat down with those two. I said, 'I won't go a bit further until I understand this truth, 'Not to the man who worketh, but to the man that believeth."' At once I gave up all work. I gave up the work of prayer, I gave up the work of writing my sins on a piece of paper, I gave up the work of sighing often. I gave up all my work. Then, when all work was given up, I simply sat still. As soon as I was quiet, I just took God at His word, and found peace, and was fully assured by Isaiah 53:6 'All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.' Hath, hath, hath! This verse came to me, and the Lord put this in my heart: 'David, where did the Lord lay iniquity? On whom?' 'On Jesus.'

'Whose iniquity?' 'The iniquity of us all.'

'Are you one of that "all?"' 'Yes, Lord, I am one of that "all."'

'If you are one of that "all," where are your sins?' 'On Jesus.'

'Who put them there?' 'God put them there.'

'Whose sins?' 'David's sins.'

'On whom?' 'On Jesus.'

As soon as I saw that my sins could not be on me and also on Jesus at the same time, the illustration came to me, If my hat is on the peg, it cannot be on my head at the same time. It made it clear at once, and I said, 'Praise the Lord! God says it, I believe it! I have it!' As soon as I took it, I went and told my wife. I said, 'I have got him; I have got the truth.' O, she could see that my face was beaming with joy. The face which had been three or four feet long was as broad as a Salvation Army drum; it simply beamed with joy, and she could see I had received the assurance of the forgiveness of my sins. I said to her, 'Do you know how to receive? Do you understand it?' She said 'O, do tell me.' I said, 'Sit still; do not do any work. Take God at His word.' O, she understood it, she was a Christian, but she hadn't the assurance of salvation.

Then my mother was converted, and afterwards my brother and others of the family were saved. The whole house was saved, and we began to shout at the top of our voices. As soon as we began to praise the Lord, the man next door said, 'Quit the house, we can not listen to you; go and live somewhere else, we can't stand your shouting.' I said, 'Whether you like it or not, we can't give up our praising the Lord; we may quit the house, but we can't quit praising the Lord.' After I found this peace, I went straight to the street near my house and preached. I didn't know how to preach, but I bawled out. I made a tremendous noise. I told the people that unless they came to Christ they would perish. That is all the preaching I did. I said those words over and over again. But the people didn't like it when I shouted, 'The wrath of God will come upon you.' I never liked those people who laughed at my preaching. I used to lose my temper very often, because I was only saved, I hadn't anything further than that.

I went about preaching for ten or eleven years. But I had my ups and downs in my life. Six o'clock I would be all right, seven o'clock, all wrong, and so on; ten o'clock up on the mountain, eleven o'clock down in the valley. Sometimes I would suppress my temper, but at last the temper would come out. Sometimes I felt as if I was in heaven, but at other times I would feel as if I was in hell. I did not know how to get rid of besetting sins. I went to many for help, but I did not get any help. If anybody said anything against my preaching, I used to call for a policeman; I couldn't bear it. What a terrible temper I had! Very often I used to break small things in my house. Once I

came home with my salary, and my wife was standing just outside the door. As soon as I came in sight, she asked me if I had received my salary. At once I lost my temper. I threw all the money into the house, and off I went to confess my sins to God. I used to vent my fury on things near me when irritated, and felt sorry afterwards. Once, I remember, I took hold of a chicken and dashed it to the floor. When my schoolboys did not do their lessons well, I used to screw their ears, and to beat them, sometimes unjustly. Afterward, I knew I had made a great mistake, that I ought not to have done it. I used to preach, but my life was inconsistent. I preached sanctification, but I wasn't sanctified. I said a great many things about the power of Jesus, but His power wasn't manifested in my life. I tried to keep my temper down, but I couldn't. People used to say, 'suppress your temper, keep it down, keep it down.' I found the old man was stronger than myself. Many told me to confess my sins to Jesus, and He would forgive them—these sins would be cleansed away. They taught me to keep sin under, keep it under, keep it under, suppress it, watch, watch. I never understood it. I said, 'Yes, I am trying. Yes, I have been watching. I have been trying to keep it under, and I can not.' I gave up all preaching, I gave up all books. I took the bible and I went to the Cinnamon garden in Colombo, Ceylon, alone before God, and I said, 'Lord, teach me and show me myself, and if there is any deliverance.' The wonderful God opened my eyes. I went to the right college, the theological class at the feet of Christ. Afterwards, I shut myself in my room, and I began to search the scriptures on my knees. First, I studied 'hearts.' It did me lots of good. I saw the photograph of my heart clearer than ever I did before, when I began to study hearts, viz.: Proud heart, willing heart, obedient heart, upright heart, perfect heart, stony heart, soft heart, crooked heart, more than one hundred and forty kinds of hearts,—it took about four months to go through this one subject. After finding out about hearts, I began to search the Word to understand 'cleansing.' Glory be to God, I found the Lord puts every unclean thing outside the heart. The old man was crucified with Him (R.V. Rom. 6:6). What about self? Gal. 2:20, on the cross. What about the flesh? the flesh with the passions and lusts thereof? On the cross (R.V. Gal. 5:24.) What about temper and all such things? All to be put away (Eph. 4:31). What about weights? Weights should be set aside. (Heb. 12: 11.) The Lord showed me one by one that all these things ought to be expected to be outside, not inside. I thought they must be inside, but the Lord taught me they were all to be put outside. I had been taught that these things should be expected inside of one's heart till death, and that they should be kept under.' I found these teachings to be unscriptural when I compared them with the Word of God. The Lord showed me that all uncleanness was outside. I just found chapter and verse for everything. Then I understood the truth, that all uncleanness was to be outside, Christ only within; but I didn't know how to take the truth into my life. I thought I was presumptuous to believe that way. The Lord's words were clear; and I knew that there was no mistake about it. I understood it. Moreover, I learned that the cleansing can be obtained only by simple faith, Acts 15:9. I believe all this right enough, but I did not claim it and give thanks for it.

I went on like this until one day, after preaching, I met a Salvation Army captain. He was not an educated man, but he was a practical man. He had this life more abundant, but he couldn't teach it, although he lived it out. That man said, 'David, friend, come here. I see you have good material. I heard your preaching. You are strong, you have a good voice, but do you know that there is one thing lacking?' I said, 'What is that?' 'You haven't the fire as yet, accept the strange fire.' I said, 'What makes you say that? tell me.' He said, 'My dear brother, unless you get the life more abundant, you may preach as much as you like, but you can not win souls for Christ; you may preach, and preach and preach, but all will be in vain. You have all the materials; only one thing is lacking in you; as soon as you get the fire you will be a different man, and souls will be converted.' I said, 'I thought I had fire.' He said, 'No; shall I give you the symptoms of your need? Don't you lose your temper very often now?' 'Yes.' 'Whenever people don't like your preaching, and if they say anything against you, don't you wish sometimes that someone would go and knock them on the head?' I said, 'O, yes, I do; I don't want to knock them, but if someone else would do it, I would like it.' He said, 'Don't you get tired of preaching? When you preach once or twice, don't you get tired?' 'Yes, I can't preach more than twice. As soon as I get home I have chest pain, sore throat, etc.' 'Do you get any answer to prayer?' 'Very seldom.' I saw he understood a great deal about this life. I said, 'I haven't it; what am I to do?' He said, 'I will show you the way. I don't know how to teach you, but go to God and be honest, and you shall have this baptism of the Holy Ghost.' I went with him to his house and he left me with God in an upper room between eleven and twelve 'clock at night. I knelt down and the Lord began to search me. He brought one thing after another out of my heart. First, he showed me all the filthiness, all the pride, self, evil, doubt, backbiting, not paying my debts. He brought all that to me. (I paid all my debts afterwards; it took about four years. I made restitution for all the things I owed. Some people did not understand; some of them said, 'You don't owe us anything.' I said, 'I know I owe you, because I bought of you rice cake when I was a little boy and didn't pay for it.' My wife helped me a great deal by saving up my monthly salary so as to pay all the debts.) Then the Lord God said to me, 'David, are you willing to consecrate yourself?' 'Yes, Lord.' 'Everything.' 'Everything.' And he brought one thing after another in this way. 'Are you willing to leave your situation if I ask you?' I was quite willing. 'Would you go to Africa to be eaten by cannibals?' I was willing to do even that. Then the Lord said, 'Would you leave your wife at home and go anywhere?' O, I wasn't willing. It was very hard to leave my dear wife behind and go anywhere. Then a fight went on in my heart; I didn't want to yield that; but the Lord brought Christ very prominently before me, and He said that He must be first, and my wife in the second place. Then he brought before me the responsibility of heathen souls, Mohammedans, Buddhists and others. 'David, are you willing to leave all to win souls?' Then it came to me, 'What am I to do? The Lord will take care of my wife,' and I said, 'O, Lord, I am willing to leave my wife behind and go anywhere.' Then the struggle ceased. 'Would you like to become as the dust of Colombo, for my sake?' Yes, I was willing. The Lord searched me through and through.' The struggle ceased, and I waited a little longer, as I was expecting to get the fire from above. When the disciples were ready, the Holy Ghost fell upon them; so I thought I would also get the baptism the same way. I waited and waited, I got tired, but no fire came. I couldn't pray any longer. I determined by hook or crook I must have this power. I said I wouldn't leave that room until I had received this baptism. I said, 'Do what you like with me, Lord; take David into your hand. Do what you like. I am willing to go anywhere, to do anything, only give me this abundant life, this power to win souls.' I was waiting there on my knees, when suddenly, all struggle ceased. I didn't get any feeling in my heart, I said, 'O, Lord God, Thou art mine, and I am Thine.' I took Him at His word. I stood up. I didn't feel anything. As I tok Him at His word for salvation, so I took Him at His word for cleansing, and for this abundant life. I went home, my wife was sleeping. I knocked at the door. I said to her: 'I have consecrated my life fully to the Lord.' She said, 'You had already consecrated yourself.' 'No,' I said, 'I hadn't, but I am fully consecrated now. If the Lord wants me to leave you and go anywhere, I will go.' It gave her a shock, but she said nothing against it. I went to bed. The following day I went to church, and as soon as the service was over the Lord seemed to speak to me and say, 'Speak to that Catechist just in the public street.' At once I obeyed. I spoke to that man at once. As soon as I obeyed Him. I don't know where I was standing. His mighty power was manifested through me, I received the abundant life the previous night, but the power was manifested through me the following day, after obedience, Acts 5:32. I went home and preached in the same old way, but I found it was quite a different power. People fell down and cried for mercy, saying, 'O, save me, Lord.' I found at once His abundant life in me and His anointing on me. My mother began to cry, and the joy of the Lord filled the house. I did not wait for my breakfast, but went out to preach. Many fell down and were converted. Some of the men were converted under the trees. With some I knelt down in the street side by side in prayer, while men and the carriages were passing. The Lord made it clear to me, saying, 'David, let go your work; I will send you anywhere and everywhere.' I let go my situation and everything. God said, 'I am your money, and I am your treasure, and I will look after your wife and family.' I obeyed at once without conferring with flesh and blood. Gal.1: 16. My dear wife did not see eye to eye with me with regard to my leaving the mission field, and going to preach the Gospel without salary. This made a great stir in my family. As I was quite sure of my calling, I made no delay, nor did I confer with flesh and blood, but obeyed His orders. First, the Lord made me begin my work at Jerusalem, that is, in the place where I was living, in Ceylon, among the Tamil and Singhalese. God did great things among them. Many were converted and returned to the Lord. He supplied all my need without any collection or subscription. Money came to me through the post sometimes. I did not know from whom the money came. This cleared my wife's mind, and she saw the leading of the Lord was true. Afterwards He sent me with Mr. Grubb to Australia, England, Scotland and Ireland, where He took care of me and fitted me to stand the climate and food and gave many souls for His glory. Then He took me to different parts of India, and gave me thousands of souls. Let me give you one instance where the Lord sent Pentecostal power. Two years ago I was invited to go to Travancore in South India, to hold missions among the Syrians. When I got there first, the money question arose. This is a difficulty everywhere. I find many who call

themselves filled with the Holy Ghost are still under the power of money, and they are like flies which have lost their wings in molasses. Those Syrians wanted to know how were we going to get money to meet our expenses. Bro. Wadsworth, a Tamilian, and a true yoke-fellow, had joined me in the work. We said, 'He who sent us over here will certainly supply our need; so please take no collection for us, or any subscription.' This language they did not understand.

Well, we began our work in their churches; we went through twenty-two churches. Many thousands were converted, and the Lord did supply all our needs; money came to us, we did not go for it.

At the close of those three months, the Lord put it into our minds to have a convention for the deepening of spiritual life. We chose a spot according to His guidance. The spot was in the bed of a river near a place called Maharamana, the seat of the Syrian's Metropolitan.

The first day of our convention was a day of great confusion, for those who came to the convention from distant places were greatly troubled when they saw the sky was darkened with the gathering of black clouds. They thought the rain was going to fall in torrents, and there was no hope to have this convention in the open air under a rough shed they had erected as a protcotion against the burning sun. They began to doubt God's guidance concerning the convention, asking if God had ordained the meeting should take place here, would He send this rain to stop the work? But the Lord gave us assurance to tell them that the rain would not fall, and that the few drops that had fallen were but a token of great pentecostal showers, which would fall upon them. They did not believe us, but to their great joy, in a short time the clouds were driven away and the sky cleared. Then the people believed His power. The convention lasted for ten days, daily meetings lasting twelve hours, sometimes fifteen hours. A Mr. J. H. Bishop was helping us in taking after-meetings. The Lord did more than we had expected. More than ten thousand people were converted within three months. People were filled with the Holy Ghost. Women got up and preached. Many praised the Lord with dancing. Many priests asked us 'What is this?' We said, 'The same power as at Pentecost.' Men kissed each other. Priests fell down and cried for mercy. Many made open confession. Sick people were healed. In one case, a man who was at the point of death was healed instantly by the power of Jesus. People began to bring sick from different villages to be healed, but the Lord stopped us, so as not to encourage that, because they were making much of us, and were looking at us with great surprise. The tenth day, when we bade good-bye they fell upon our hands and cried with loud voice. Many people put money in my pockets, until with the weight of the money I could hardly walk. Then a man asked me if I would give him my key. I said, 'Are you converted? If so, I will trust you with my key.' He took my box and put inside one hundred and forty-seven rupees, more than $40. There was no collection, no money subscribed but a work of the Holy Ghost. Then I asked God what to do with the money. God said, 'Appoint workers under you, after taking what is needed for you both.' I began with one worker; then I had two; then three. Now the Lord has given me six workers. There is no fund, but the Lord supplies all my need. Trustful life!

My dear brother, my dear sister, worker, minister, pastor, when the Lord God Almighty fills you with this powerful life, this glorious life, when you possess this, all will be right. Do you want this life, this abundant life? Now, come to the point. Have you got Him? Have you got this abundant life? May the Lord God bless you as I have given you my testimony. This is what he brought me from India for; I am nothing in myself, but I have Him in me and with me. My dear brothers and sisters, do not go any longer without this power; do not go to your station; do not preach without it. You will soon get tired. You have no authority. O, believe for the entire cleansing! Receive the abundant life by faith the Lord Jesus Christ himself. As you receive salvation by faith, receive this abundant life by faith. Gal. 3:14. Say, 'God says it, I believe it, I have it,' and thank Him for it!

Deacon Barlow's Prayer.

(By Hope Daring.)

It was Sunday morning, the one morning of the week on which Deacon Barlow found it possible to take time for family worship.

The entire family, consisting of the deacon, his meek-faced wife, his niece Alta, Mary, the hired girl, and two farm hands, were gathered in the large, low room that did duty both as sitting and dining room. It was furnished with a bright rag-carpet, long muslin curtains at the windows, curious old chairs, and a wide, calico-covered lounge. Then there was a stone fire-place, filled on this July morning with feathery stalks of asparagus.

The uncleared breakfast table stood in one corner. Perhaps it was the influence of Mrs. Barlow's cream biscuits, golden omelette and fragrant coffee that had put her husband in such a comfortable frame of mind.

Outside it was a delightful morning. Alta knelt at the side of the east door, and she could not keep her eyes from the venerable honeysuckle vine that had for years twined over the little porch. It held its clusters of coral-tinted blossoms invitingly toward the young girl, and a great golden-winged bee hovered over the flowers.

'Oh, velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold.'

Somehow the words would keep repeating themselves in Alta's brain, notwithstanding her efforts to give her mind entirely to her uncle's prayer.

Alta Barlow was a schoolgirl, and this was her first visit to the home of her forefathers. Her father, the deacon's brother, had insisted, when the family doctor declared that the girl must give up the promised trip to Chautauqua and spend the summer in a quiet country place, on sending her to Barlow Farm. She had arrived the Tuesday evening before. It was all very pleasant, but Alta had not yet decided whether she was going to be homesick or happy.

Now, you are thinking that by lingering so long I have put myself in an awkward position. You are saying, 'The deacon finished his prayer a long time ago, and how is she going to pick up the thread of her story in the right place?'

Well, it only goes to prove that you don't know the deacon as well as I do. When a man is at the family altar but once a week he ought to have a good deal to say. In this case there was no hurry. The deacon had his morning's work all done—done by his hired men. To be sure, it might trouble Mrs. Barlow and Mary to get ready for church, but that was their lookout.

So Deacon Barlow presented many petitions at the throne of grace. There was a certain satisfaction about it all. Still, there was a bit of heart-eagerness and knowledge of God that was very sweet to the young girl, who had sorely missed the active Christian life of her own home.

When they had risen from their knees Alta approached her uncle.

'Oh, Uncle Nathan,' she cried, while tears glittered on her long lashes, 'I wish I had come to Barlow Farm late Saturday night.'

'Why, what do you mean?'

'I mean that I did not know you, Uncle Nathan, until I heard you pray.'

There was a moment's silence. This pretty city girl, with her artistic dressing and her dainty ways, puzzled Deacon Barlow. The dark eyes and sunny hair were certainly those of the Barlows. But—and here he paused uneasily. That slip of a girl, who hardly knew wheat from grass, to inherit not only her father's wealth, but also the homestead. Yet it must be so, for she was the only Barlow after him and his brother.

Much of this was again passing through his mind, when Alta went on blithely:

'You see, Uncle Nathan, I thought you were so different. When I told you about Cousin Ellice you seemed—well, as if you did not care for her illness and trouble.'

'You don't understand, child,' he said quickly. 'Ellice is extravagant and headstrong. To help her is no true charity.'

'She is ill now,' and the rose-pink on Alta's cheek deepened to a crimson. 'Besides, she is one of the widowed and fatherless for whom you prayed. The fatherless also takes in many of my little Fresh Air Waifs. You can help so much there. And missions—I'm so glad you are interested in missions.'

'But, Alta—' there was a curious-hesitancy in his voice—'of course I pray for these things. It is my duty to do so. Still, you don't expect me to answer my own prayers, do you?'

Alta opened her eyes in astonishment. 'Why, Uncle Nathan,' she cried, 'would you ask God to do something you would not do yourself!'

If a bombshell had exploded at the feet of Deacon Barlow his consternation could not have been greater. He gasped, attempted in vain to speak, and stood glaring at his niece in utter bewilderment.

Alta was frightened at the effect of her words. She tried to think of something to say, something that would not contradict her sense of right. Before she could collect her thoughts her uncle had left the room.

They did not meet again until he awkwardly helped her into the old-fashioned carriage that was to convey them to the little church, three miles away.

The ride was not a silent one. Mrs. Barlow talked of the crops and the people they met, and Alta tried to be interested in it all. As for the deacon, he was thinking.

And he continued to think during the sermon. Faithful Elder Simmons would have been grieved had he known how little of his discourse the deacon heard.

The feeling of anger toward Alta was dying out of her uncle's heart. He looked keenly at the grave young face at his side.

'It was a hard question,' he said to himself. 'But I guess I needed it.'

The rest of the day passed slowly to the homesick girl. Uncle Nathan was kind to her, and thoughtful of her comfort; but he said little. He was still thinking.

The next morning the household was stirring early.

'I never knew the world was so beautiful in the early morning,' Alta thought, as she stood on the honeysuckle-embowered porch. 'I wonder I never got up at this hour before.' Aunt Annie called to breakfast then, and Alta hurried in. The deacon nodded approv-

ingly across the table at the bright face and slender figure clad in pale blue cambric.

'You'll have a bit of fish, won't you ?' he asked kindly. 'This air hereabouts is wonderful for giving folks an appetite.'

Breakfast over, the deacon rose briskly. 'Bring the Bible, Annie,' he said. Then seeing her look of surprise he went on bravely, albeit a little confusedly, 'I've concluded, wife, that it's better to have worship every day. You know we are commanded to pray for our daily bread.'

Mrs. Barlow made no reply, but happy tears dropped on the family Bible as she placed it in her husband's hands.

Truth compels me to admit that the deacon's prayer was much more restricted in scope than on the morning before. It was little more than a childlike appeal for help and guidance.

'Help us to live unto Thee, O Christ,' was his fervent cry. And each one listening was impressed with the heartfelt earnestness of the prayer.

The next day the deacon gave Alta a check for fifty dollars.

'Will you send that to Ellice ?' he asked. 'Tell her to come to Barlow Farm as soon as she is able. She is all alone now, and Annie and I will enjoy having her with us until she is well and strong.'

'And, Alta,' he went on, 'Annie says she would just as soon have a couple of your Fresh Air Children a few weeks as not. I —well, I would a little rather they should be children who are fatherless, for—'

'Oh, Uncle Nathan,' and Alta's arms were around his neck, 'You are so good ! It was a rude thing I said Sunday morning, but I did not mean to hurt you.'

'You spoke as directed by God,' he said solemnly. 'I've lived fifty-three years, child, and have just learned that the most acceptable prayer to God is an honest effort to do His Will.—The Examiner.

The Right Spirit.

Writing in 'Harper's Magazine' about the Jameson Raid upon the Boers of South Africa, Mr. Poultney Bigelow gave this episode:

When the Boers had silenced the firing of Jameson's men, and had saved their country from what they feared might prove an invasion disastrous to their independence, they did not celebrate the event by cheers or bonfires. They fell upon their knees and followed the prayers offered by their elders; they gave praise to Almighty God for having protected them; they searched their hearts and prayed to be cleansed from the spirit of boasting; they prayed for Jameson and his men, that they might be guided by the light of justice and Christian fellowship —and this they prayed while some of the dead lay unburied about them.'

When Jameson surrendered, 'nothing could exceed the kindness of the people, both Dutch and English, who came up afterward. Milk, brandy, meat and bread were sent for the wounded,' said Dr. Hatheway, one of Jameson's surgeons. 'We were nothing but pirates,' he added, 'and richly deserved hanging—every one of us !'

Mr. Bigelow, commenting upon this forgetfulness, apparenty, of the Boers of everything except their duties as Christians, says:

'This is the nearest example I know of in history of soldiers in the field acting practically on the precept, "Love your enemies."'

If Mr. Bigelow should ever visit Lichfield Cathedral, he would see there a memorial window to Bishop Selwyn commemorating the deed of a New Zealand Christian. He was an officer of the Maoris,—one of Dr. Selwyn's converts while missionary bishop of that island,—and had taken up arms with his people to resist the encroachments of the English.

The British made an attack on a native fort, and were repulsed with great slaughter. During the attack this officer, hearing the groans of a wounded Englishman, crept out from the fort, and crawling on his hands and knees, carried a cruse of water to his enemy. The man proved to be a British captain, and the water saved his life.

The next day another assault on the fort was made, and was successful. The Maori Christian was slain. A New Testament was found on his person, and Romans 12:20 was underlined with blood, as if his fingers had traced the words: 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'

A fort—the story is also told in Bishop Selwyn's biography—which commanded the channel of a river was so infested by the Maoris that the English garrison was near starvation. One morning they beheld a native canoe bearing a flag of truce floating down to the fort, and at some distance behind several other canoes. On landing, they were found to contain provisions from the Maori officer in command of the besieging force, and with them came this message :

'Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'

We wonder if the English officer commanding that garrison ever fired another shot against these Christian enemies.—Youths' Companion.

Grandmother's Story.

In a little dingy but otherwise comfortable-looking cottage in a California city dwells a widow with her three children and her aged mother. The mother goes daily from home to work, leaving the home cares and toil to the grandmother; for all that stands between this little family and want are the mother's earnings. And, when the rent and the grocer and butcher bills are paid, there is a pitiful small sum left for the growing needs of a bright family in a city.

In spite of evenings spent by the deft-handed mother in contriving and making new garments from old, Maggie, Frank and 'Babe' present, even in their best, a marked contrast in dress to their more fortunate fellows. 'We're a shabby lot,' sometimes remarks the mother, as she walks out with her little flock on Sunday. 'But never mind, we'll keep our hearts bright and fresh; and they will be in keeping with good clothes, when they fall to our share.'

It must be confessed that this cheerful frame of mind does not extend to all the members of the family. Maggie, a lass of nine years, is wont to fret her little heart, and wound her brave mother because of the patched and faded dress which she must wear; and Frank and even Babe sometimes turn up their little noses at dingy jackets and coarse shoes. But, on the whole, the family of which I write is happy in spite of these trials.

One evening they were gathered around the supper table. This was wont to be the happiest time of the day, for the mother was at home again after hours of absence. To-night, however, there was discontent expressed in at least one little face at the board.

Maggie had on a few occasions dined at the house of a playmate; and, as she noted the food before her now, she compared it with the more lavish table at which she had eaten.

Her mother observed the scowl, and set herself to drive it away by relating, in a lively manner, some of the happenings of the day. The children laughed at mamma's tales, and enjoyed their supper, but, when Maggie had eaten her meat with bread and butter, she lapsed into moody silence again for a few minutes. Then, as the family were about to rise from the table, she said pettishly, 'What are we to have for dessert, mamma ?'

'A contented mind and a cheerful manner is the best I know of, dear, for us,' said the mother smiling.

'Well, Carrie Fielding's people have fruit and lovely pudding and cake. Why couldn't grandma always make us a dessert for supper. Everybody else has desserts for supper,' persisted Maggie.

'Everybody else, did you say ?' interposed the grandmother. 'Well, I can tell you that little do you know—or others either, for that matter—what the poor children have for supper and for breakfast, and dinner, too, in some parts of the world.

'Listen to me, Maggie. In the country where I spent my childhood, and several years of my womanhood, many families lived in little huts of one room. The fathers and mothers and all the children, excepting the babies, often worked all day in the fields.

'In the evening a little before dark the mother left her work, and went to the house to get supper. Later the rest of the family quit the field, and in a little while gathered around the board for the evening meal.

'The father and mother sat, occupying the only seats in the hut. The rest stood. Now how do you think the table was laid, and what do you think they had for supper ?

'First the eldest girl took a dish of salt, and with a wooden spoon placed a little heap of salt before each one on the bare boards. Then she set an iron pot of potatoes, just taken from the fire in the centre of the table. Each one took a potato from the pot, peeled it with the thumb and finger, dipped it into the salt, and ate. They had not knife, fork or spoon.

'When all had finished their potatoes, the meal was ended; and they left the table, the children to sit or lie on the floor before the fire. No one asked for dessert, nor indeed for any other food than that which was before them; and all knew well that throughout the days, weeks and months to come they should breakfast, dine, and sup on potatoes and salt alone.'

As the grandmother ceased speaking, three deep sighs were heard. Maggie glanced over the table. The white cloth, the common but pretty dishes, and the shining glasses and cutlery had an air of plenty, and even luxury, in contrast to the picture that had been drawn for her. Her look of discontent was gone, and she was silent as she thought of the hardships of the little Irish boys and girls in the far-off home of her grand-mother's childhood.—'Christian Register.'

We note with satisfaction the growth of the movement for the suppression of the cigarette. Chicago school teachers have commenced a vigorous crusade against this evil which a leading city daily declares is sweeping through the schools like a scourge and leaving a wake of havoc and incipient mental wreckage. When the two great educators of American citizens—the public school and the daily newspaper—unite forces for the extermination of the cigarette, the cigarette must go. It is not enough to have laws prohibiting its sale to minors, for the difficulty of obtaining conclusive evidence against violators of the law makes this method of attack comparatively ineffective. The law must be supplemented by watchfulness on the part of parents and by teaching in the schools which shall demonstrate to pupils the effect of the cigarette habit upon the human organism. The goal to be aimed at is the prohibition of the manufacture of the deadly cigarette !—'Union Signal.'

LITTLE FOLKS

A Dilemma.

'Oh! What a good climber Mary is!' cried the little boys and girls as they ran around the house and found Mary up aloft, seated on a limb of the butternut tree.

Mary smiled and said nothing.

'I tried that tree once,' said Jimmie, 'but I tore my pants.'

'I tried it once,' said Floy, 'and I couldn't get up at all. I just stayed down on the ground.'

Then all the children said what a good climber Mary was, and they wished they could climb as well. Then they called her to come down. 'Come, Mary, we're going to play hide-and-seek in the barn!'

'I don't want to play,' said Mary. 'I'm going to sit up here a little while.'

So they ran off and played for twenty minutes, and then ran back.

'Come, Mary,' they said, 'we are going to play Tilly's land!'

'No,' said Mary, 'I'll stay here a little longer.'

So they ran away again, and she could hear them, at the other side of the house, playing 'Tilly's land.' She looked up the road and down the road. There was no one in sight. She put her foot out a little way, and then drew it back.

'Come!' shouted the children. 'We are going down cellar for apples.'

'No,' said Mary; 'I'm not coming.' Away they ran again. She looked up and down the road. In the far distance she saw a man approaching.

'I hope it's Uncle Edward!' she said to herself. He came nearer and nearer. He was a tall man, with a rake over his shoulder.

'It is Uncle Edward!' said Mary. At last he came so near that he was almost under the tree.

'Uncle Edward!' said Mary, softly. He looked up in great surprise.

'You up there?' he asked.

'O, Uncle Edward, please get me down. I don't dare to move.'

So tall Uncle Edward stood under the tree and held up his arms. Then Mary let herself drop and he caught her and placed her safely on the ground.

The children who sat on the grass eating apples, were glad to see Mary coming around the house. They picked out the reddest apple for her, and Floy said again that she wished she could climb a tree like Mary.

But Mary said, with a wise little laugh:

'It is easier to climb up than it is to climb down.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Rosie's Hymn.

'Now, Rosie, darling, come along,' said Eva; 'father and mother are waiting in the morning-room, and will be so glad to hear you say that little hymn, because you know it's

dear father's birthday, darling—so come along,' and Eva opened the door.

But Rosie saw many strange faces there, and her two tiny hands crept up to her face to hide the wondering eyes.

'Oh, oh,' laughed her father, 'this will never do! Rosie, darling, let us hear what you have to say!'

But it was no use, the words had all flown away—and all that Rosie could do was to clasp her hands round her father's neck, and, kissing him, whisper, 'God bless and keep my dear faver!'—'Our Little Dots.'

'I Don't See Why.'

(New York 'Observer.')

'I don't see why I can't do it. If I had a little girl, I would not say 'no, you must not go out,' when she wanted to so very badly,' said Lina Ray, half-crossly, half-pathetically, to her mamma.

'Dear,' was the reply, 'mother knows best; I have a good reason why I do not want you to go to see Nelly Lane this afternoon, and I can not have you question me in that manner.'

'Always the way,' muttered Lina more crossly to herself, when her mother had left the room. 'Never can do what I want; wish I was grown up, a big woman, then I would. No, no, Kitty, no no,' she exclaimed suddenly as the kitten jumped into the work basket and began to upset the cotton and silks all over the table. 'No, Kitty, you must not, I may seem cross, but you would only stick your dear little paws with the needles, and it is all for the best, but you don't understand,' she added affectionately as she picked up Miss Kitten and kissed her.

Now Lina was often a disobedient, wilful child, but she was not stupid, and just as she spoke in that manner to her pet, she found herself in her mother's position in regard to herself. 'Oh,' she said, laughing, 'mamma has just as good a reason probably as I have about the kitten, only neither of us understand why; I must tell her.' So Lina was frank, and always admitted her faults. Just then mamma came in with such a surprise! Dear aunt Lina, for whom the little girl was named was with her.

'Oh, mamma! Oh, auntie!' she cried, 'when did you come? How long will you stay?'

'One question at a time, my dear,' laughed her aunt, as she gave her a good hug and a kiss.

'And now,' smiled mamma, 'you see my reason in not wanting you to go out, or you would not have been here to welcome auntie, but you may go now if you wish.'

'Oh, mamma,' replied Lina quite ashamed, 'I see I was wrong. I saw it before you came in when I would not let the kitten do something it wanted, and now I would not leave auntie for anything,' which remark was followed by another hugging and kissing match.

'Ah,' said her aunt, 'we all have that lesson to learn, even we older ones, when we question our dear heavenly Father's will and don' understand why we are so often crossed in our desires here. But now, Lina must see the dollies and their fine trousseaux I have brought her.'

And so there was a happy little

girl for the rest of that afternoon in spite of her not seeing 'why' at first, when her mother refused her wish.—Amy D'Arcy Wetmore.

Thorn-Rose's Story About the Kindergarten.

(By Mary A. Winston.)

Our Miss Dulcie is a grown-up little girl. Did you ever see one? Miss Dulcie plays with us at kindergarten, and she helps us take our thorns off. She knows the greatest lot of nice games you ever heard of.

My mamma says Miss Dulcie's name means 'sweet,' and we all thing that's just what she is. We love her so that we all want to hug her at once sometimes. Then Miss Dulcie says, 'Oh, dear, I wish I had ten laps and ten arms, so there would be enough to hold you all at the same time.' That would be nice, but oh, my! wouldn't she look funny?

Do you know once a boy came to kindergarten and he didn't love Miss Dulcie. Just think of it! His name is Bobby.

You see, Bobby came to kindergarten with all his thorns on and he wouldn't take any of them off. One day he pulled Viola's curls hard and made her cry. So Miss Dulcie said that if he did not feel like loving with his hands, she thought he would better sit all by himself in his chair and see us play. She took hold of his hand to lead him to his chair, and what do you think Bobby did? Why, he kicked Miss Dulcie! yes, he did; he kicked her hard too. Viola was frightened and began to cry some more.

Then Miss Dulcie said, 'Come, Bobby, if you want to kick me, you must do it in the cloak room. All these little children here love me, and they don't want to see me kicked.' So she picked Bobby up in her arms and carried him out to the cloak room. But we could see right through the door.

Bobby sat down on the bench and Miss Dulcie stood waiting for him to begin to kick her. But he didn't, so she said: 'Well, Bobby, please hurry. I want to go back and play 'Pigeon House' with the children.'

Bobby just sat still and put his finger in his mouth Miss Dulcie said again, 'Why don't you begin, Bobby?'

Then what do you suppose Bobby did? No, he didn't kick. He just jumped up and threw his arms around Miss Dulcie's neck and said, 'I don't w-want to kick you, I want to h-hug you.' Wasn't that very surprising?

When they came back where we were, Miss Dulcie said: 'Bobby made a mistake, children. He didn't want to kick me after all, when he stopped to think about it. He would rather love with his hands and his feet. He says he wants to play with us now. Shall we let Bobby choose a game, children?'

So Bobby chose to play 'A Little Bird Once Made a Nest,' and just think he touched Viola on the head to come and be the mamma bird! When he and Viola had made their nest, Bobby said, 'I choose Miss Dulcie to be a birdie in our nest.'

And Bobby's been taking his thorns off ever since. Now he never pulls our curls or kicks a bit—and he loves Miss Dulcie.—'Mayflower.'

The Golden Text and Diamond Rule.

Coming to school the first day of a new term meant a great deal to the five little girls who were hanging their hats in the wardrobe of the school-room.

'I wonder,' said Grace Williams, the eldest and tallest of the five, 'if our new teacher will put Jane Hawley in our class; she is too young and small,' and she thought, but did not say, 'and too poor.'

'Why not?' said Ruth Morrison, as she threw her arms around Jane; 'I don't think size and age should count, but lessons and behavior.'

'Just what I think,' said Mary White.

'Well, I don't care what you girls say, I am not going to have Jane in our class club, and I am the president,' said Grace.

Poor Jane looked hurt, but said nothing, and the other girls looked sorry, while Mary whispered to Jane, as the bell rang:

'Never mind; Grace doesn't mean half she says.'

The new teacher, Miss Ames, had, what Ruth afterwards said, a drawing face 'for she drew all of us to her,' she added.

'And no wonder,' exclaimed Grace, 'she is so beautiful.'

To this they all agreed, not then understanding that it was the sweet spirit within her which made Miss Ames beautiful.

After the tap of the bell, Miss Ames said:

'Instead of a Scripture lesson, I will give you a Golden Text, which is, "Little children, love one another"; and I will add to it what I call my diamond rule—"Giving the preference each to the other."'

At the noon recess there was a special meeting of the Pansy Club, and by motion of Grace Williams, seconded by Mary White, and adopted by the four girls, Jane Hawley was made president of the club, to the great surprise of the modest little girl, and they chose as their motto, the couplet their teacher had given them:

'Little children, love one another,
Giving the preference each to the other.'

—Alice Hamilton Rich, in the 'Sunbeam.'

The Reason Why.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry,
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
Like an engine at high-pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
And yet—would you believe it—she never is in time!

It seems a contradiction, until you know the reason,
But I'm sure you think it simple, as I do, when I state
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late.

—Priscilla Leonard, in 'The Churchman.'

A Boy's Resolution.

This school year I mean to be better!
To bind myself down with a fetter,
I'll write out a plan
As strong as I can,
Because I am such a forgetter.

Resolved; but I'm sleepy this minute.
There's so much, when once you begin it!
Resolved, with my might
I'll try to do right!
That's enough! for the whole thing is in it.

—'Temperance Record.'

The Primary Catechism on Beer.

LESSON XII.

THE PLEASURES OF BEER-DRINKING.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

Q.—Is beer pleasant to the taste?

A.—To the beginner it is usually nauseous and bitter.

Q.—Why do people continue to drink it if they dislike it?

A.—They are led on by the example of old topers and by the idea that it is not polite to refuse it when offered.

Q.—What can be done to avoid this social beer-drinking?

A.—Always kindly but firmly refuse the beer when offered. Let all your friends and acquaintances know that you never take it.

Q.—Where else are boys and girls liable to be tempted?

A.—At those groceries where bottled ale and other liquors are kept.

Q.—What other danger is there in dealing with grocers who keep such liquors?

A.—Liquors may be sent to the house charged under the name of other family supplies.

Q.—How does beer drinking affect the disposition?

A.—It makes the drinker morose and sour.

Q.—What striking proof have we of the misery in beer?

A.—About two-thirds of the suicides in this country are those of beer drunkards.

Q.—What, then, must we think of the pleasures of beer-drinking?

A.—That as it brings ill-health, quarrels, moroseness, and suicide, its pleasures do not equal its sorrows.

Walter's Slip.

'So you are going away, I hear, Walter?'

It was Mr. Blank, the secretary of the Band of Hope to which Walter belonged, who said this. Walter looked up with a pleased smile.

'Yes, sir,' he replied proudly, 'I am going on Saturday.'

'Well, I hope you will have a nice comfortable place. You are to be apprenticed, I understand?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Walter again.

'And will you live with your employor?'

'Yes, sir; there are two other apprentices and one assistant living indoors, so I shan't be dull.'

'No; I trust they may prove pleasant, congenial companions. Is your employer an abstainer?'

'I don't know, sir,' and Walter colored. To tell the truth he thought it unlikely, since he carried on the business of wine and spirit merchant as well as that of grocer; but Walter did not think it necessary to mention this.

'Don't forget to take your teetotal principles with you, my boy,' said Mr. Blank. 'I hope you will find yourself in a teetotal home, but whether this be so or not, do not allow yourself to be laughed into dishonoring your colors.'

'No fear, sir!' returned Walter confidently. 'Why, I never tasted a drop of strong drink in my life, and I never mean to.'

'That is right; but you may meet with temptations in the future to which you have never yet been exposed. Don't trust too much to your own strength, Walter; remember what the apostle says, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Good-bye, my boy, and God bless you.'

He gave Walter a hearty grip of the hand and passed on, leaving him a little uncomfortable.

'He's always so tremendously serious,' Walter muttered to himself discontentedly. 'Just as if there was any fear of my breaking the pledge!' And he curled his lips at the bare idea. 'Why, I wouldn't be seen going into a public-house for anything! Didn't I offend grandfather and lose a sixpence into the bargain because I wouldn't fetch his supper beer? If I have to sell the stuff, I'll take good care I don't drink it.'

But before Walter had been many days in his situation he discovered that to be a teetotaller here was very different to being a teetotaller at home. His employer was not an abstainer, nor was any member of his family or household. The assistant and the two other apprentices took their glass of ale each at supper, and laughed at Walter for not doing the same.

Now Walter, although an abstainer, could scarcely be called a water-drinker. He was an only child, and had been somewhat indulged; there had always been a cup of nice hot cocoa or bovril with his supper at home, or when the weather was too hot to make these drinks acceptable a glass of milk or home-made lemonade. But here there was nothing but water for those who chose to refuse the ale. This was not the heaviest part of his trial, either; it was the laughter of his companions that Walter minded the most. He had never been accustomed to be sneered at for his teetotallism, but now he seemed to be a butt of ridicule for the whole household, and seldom sat down to a meal without something being said that sent the angry blood to his cheeks.

But although he sometimes gave way to temper, and said bitter and unwise things, he resisted the temptation to be untrue to his pledge.

'I won't let them laugh and tease me into taking the drink,' he would say to himself, perhaps by way of keeping up his courage. 'I can't see why they shouldn't let a fellow alone; but I'll show them that I have grit enough to hold my own.'

And then Mr. Blank's words would come back to him: 'If you want to steer your barque safely, you must have Christ on board,' and Walter would put up a brief, earnest prayer for help.

It used to seem such an easy thing to be an abstainer, and in his heart Walter despised those who broke the pledge. But this was altered now, and every night as he knelt to offer his evening prayer he would thank God that he had been kept faithful to his pledge through another day.

The selling of intoxicants grew more distasteful, too, and Walter made up his mind when his apprenticeship should be ended never to take a situation with any grocer who had a wine or spirit license. He was getting on very well in the business; his employer liked him for his cheerful, willing manner, and so did the assistant, while he was also a favorite with the other apprentices, in spite of their teasing. They valued him less for his business abilities than for his skill at football and cricket, but especially the latter. They pressed him to join their club, and were proud of the brilliancy of his playing and the notice it attracted. One day a match was played between this club and a neighboring one—a club that had gained some celebrity, having won nearly all the local matches of the season. There was naturally a good deal of excitement among the youthful cricketers, and Walter was as excited as any of them, and as anxious that his side should win. The match was arranged for their early closing day, and a wagonette was hired to convey them to the cricket ground, a meadow about five or six miles distant. Even in this short distance two stoppages were made for refreshment.

'You'd better take a glass of something to steady your nerves, old man,' said Herbert Waite, one of the other apprentices, to Walter, 'for you know we are depending on you to win this match for us.'

The others chimed in, some recommending one kind of drink and some another; but Walter resolutely shook his head, and could be prevailed upon to take nothing but lemonade.

The match was an exciting one, and for some time the issue seemed doubtful; it was Walter's skilful batting that eventually won the victory for his side, as everyone agreed. He was congratulated and flattered on all hands, and felt himself the hero of the hour.

On the way home they again stopped at a wayside inn to refresh themselves and to drink Walter's health.

'Surely you won't refuse to have a drop on such an occasion as this, Walt!' said Herbert. 'It looks so unsociable not to.'

Walter never knew how he came to yield; he had been tempted more sorely times out of number and resisted; but now, almost before he was aware of what he was doing, he had taken the glass from Herbert and sipped its contents. The act was greeted with a burst of applause.

'Well done, old man!'

'I know a fellow that can bat like he can couldn't be a milk sop.'

'Three cheers for Walter's emancipation!' And so on.

Walter felt little enough like a hero now. He had been false to his colors, and no amount of flattery could make up for his loss of self-respect. And this would have been such a splendid opportunity to have shown his 'grit.' True, he had taken but the merest sip, for the flavor was distasteful to him, yet by that sip he had dishonored his pledge and gone over to the other side.

No one guessed what was passing in his mind; his face was still flushed with excitement, while his tongue was the merriest, and his laugh the loudest of all. His companions would have been astonished could they have seen what a heavy heart lay under this seeming hilarity. Walter slept little that night. Mr. Blank's words kept ringing in his ears: 'It is often when we feel the most secure that we are in the greatest danger;' and again, 'Take Christ as your captain, then there will be no fear of shipwreck.'

Still the deed was done now; he had broken the pledge, and his companions knew it. Nothing remained but to go on and do as the rest did.

This way of reasoning was contrary to all Sunday-school and Band of Hope teaching, and Walter knew it. He was aware that the right thing would be to acknowledge his error, and to start afresh, not in his own strength, but with God as his helper. But how he would be laughed at! He fancied he could see the derisive smiles and hear the mocking words, and he told himself that he couldn't do it. But in spite of his slip, Walter was a boy of grit, and when morning came he had made up his mind to adopt the course he knew to be right. He said nothing about it till dinner-time, when one of his companions remarked jocosely—

'I suppose you'll give up "Adam's ale" now, Walter, and try our beverage?'

Walter shook his head. 'No, I shan't. I don't know what possessed me yesterday; I think I must have been off my head when I drank that beer. But I don't mean to have any more.'

A burst of laughter greeted this speech, but Herbert Waite did not join in it, and later on, when he and Walter were alone, he remarked approvingly—

'I say, old fellow, I think you behaved like a brick at dinner time. I could hardly believe my eyes yesterday when I saw you have that beer, and although I had been worrying you to drink, I didn't think any the better of you for it. But the way you spoke up to-day was real plucky, and I've half a mind to sign the teetotal pledge myself.'

'Do!' said Walter, eagerly. 'Let's sign together, Bert. I shall have to sign again, you know.'

Herbert needed a good deal of persuasion, but eventually agreed, and that very evening they sought out a well-known temperance advocate and put their names in his book.

You must not suppose that Walter found it easy sailing even yet; it was a long time before he was allowed to forget his slip, and the taunts were often hard to bear. But he had Herbert on his side now, and humbly endeavored to follow the advice of his Sunday-school teacher.—L. Slade, in 'Temperance Record.'

'Runaway.'

The following appeared many years ago as an advertisement in a Newfoundland Journal:—

'ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!!!

'Ran away from the subscriber, within a few years, his whole estate, consisting of houses, lands, and above all, a good name. They gradually absented themselves, after being decoyed by a sad fellow who frequented this city, named Intemperance. Any person who will restore the aforesaid property, and cause legal proceedings to be had against the offender, shall receive the above reward, and the thanks of

'A TIPPLER.'

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 14.

Paul's Ministry in Rome.

Acts xxviii., 17-31. Commit vs. 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.'—Rom. I., 16.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xxviii., 17-31. — Paul's ministry in Rome.
T. Eph. iii., 1-21. — 'Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ.'
W. 2 Tim. ii., 1-16.—'Wherein I suffer. . . . Unto bonds.'
Th. Acts xiii., 14-41.—'Reasoning out of the Scriptures.'
F. Acts xiii., 42-52.—'Lo, we turn to the Gentiles.'
S. Matt. xi., 33-46.—Christ's warning to the Jews.
S. 1 Cor. i., 18-31.—The Gospel is God's wisdom.

Lesson Story.

Paul, who never lost an opportunity of preaching the gospel, was scarcely settled in his new abode before he invited all the chief Jews in Rome to a conference. When they came he set before them the reasons and the events which had brought him to Rome, saying that for 'the hope of Israel' he was bound with this chain.

The Jews replied that they had heard no harm concerning him, but that they would be glad to hear his opinion concerning Christianity. The new sect which was so much spoken against. So they appointed a day to come to hear him again.

On the appointed day great numbers came to hear him, and he expounded the scriptures, preaching Jesus from morning till evening. 'And some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not.' They dispersed, after a solemn warning from Paul, who showed them how the prophet Isaiah's words to the rebellious people applied to their own unbelief. And how the gospel, rejected by the Jews, should now be proclaimed unto the Gentiles. These words caused much discussion among the Jews, doubtless many of them continued to come to Paul for instruction during the two years in which he dwelt in his own house, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.'

Lesson Hymn.

Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave;
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Lesson Hints.

Paul was now quite an old man, about sixty years old. He had endured many hardships and trials for the sake of preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. He was now in prison for the same reason, but he was not unhappy even in prison. He rejoiced that he was 'counted worthy to suffer' for the name of Jesus. He was not idle in his imprisonment, as soon as possible he began to teach the Romans about the Saviour of mankind. He proclaimed his gospel 'to the Jews first,' but when they believed not he turned to the Gentiles.

Rome was at that time the greatest city of the civilized world. It had over two million inhabitants, of whom almost half were slaves. Rome was an exceedingly wicked city, and the Emperor, Nero, one of the most cruel, wicked men in history. However, Paul's prison life was comparatively quiet, and he had a good deal of liberty. He spent some time in writing letters to the churches he had founded in his missionary travels.

'The hope of Israel,'—the long promised Messiah, Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

'We neither received letters' — There had not been time for them to hear from Jerusalem since Paul left, as he had sailed on the last ship before the winter. 'Spoken against' —by those who misunderstood, as well as by those who felt their lives condemned by the teachings of Christianity. 'Expounded and testified'—proving from the scriptures that Christ was the Messiah, and testifying from his own experience that Christ is a Saviour from sin.

Search Questions.

Name twenty of Paul's friends in Rome.

Primary Lesson.

Paul was 'not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.' If a little boy has a very good, kind father, whom he loves with all his heart, is he ever ashamed of him? Does he pretend not to belong to him? Does he try to do things that will make his father unhappy?

If a little girl has a beautiful, loving mother, is she not proud of her mother? Is she not anxious that everyone shall know she belongs to her? Does she not try hard to be like her beautiful mother, to act like her and look like her? Does she not tell her little friends how good and kind her mother is to her? Does she not try to please her in everything she does?

We cannot imagine a child being ashamed of a kind and good parent, and it is just as hard to imagine why anyone should be ashamed of the Lord Jesus, who loves us so. Sometimes we are ashamed because foolish persons make fun of our love to Jesus, they cannot understand it because they do not themselves love Jesus. But we must not be ashamed or discouraged on that account. Many foolish and wicked persons teased Paul, and made fun of him, but that did not make him ashamed of Jesus. They persecuted him in every way and put him in prison, but he rejoiced that all their persecutions could not make him ashamed of the gospel of Christ: 'for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Jesus bids us shine,' 'I'm not ashamed,' 'What a Friend we have in Jesus,' 'Take the name of Jesus,' 'I've found a Friend,' 'Thy life was given.'

Practical Points.

Acts xxviii., 17-31.

Paul's defence to the Jews at Rome, reveals his own innocence and the malice of his accusers. Verses 16-19. Also Matt., 10-24.

When the Christian realizes that he is persecuted for Christ's sake, 'stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage.' Verse 20.

Despise no sect simply because it is spoken against. Dead fish never float up the river. Verses 21-22. Also Luke vi., 26.

The apostle toiled incessantly to lead souls heavenward, and yet many preferred the vanities of time to the verities of eternity. Verses 23, 24.

He who resists the Holy Spirit always runs a tremendous risk. Verses 25-27.

It is easier to grasp Christ with the heart, than to search the Almighty with the light of reason. Verses 28, 29.

Paul's labors during the last two years of his life are unrecorded, but shall not be unrewarded. Verses 30, 31.

A. H. CAMERON.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Nov. 14.—The blessedness of serving God. —Deut 28: 1-20, 45-47. (A meeting to be held by the pastor, or if your church has none, by some older Christian.)

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Nov. 14.—The joys of serving God. Deut. 28: 1-8.

A Successful Teacher.

There are not a few examples of how a teacher may build up and maintain a Sunday-school class. Here is one. A quarter of a century ago C. W. Osgood was appointed as teacher of a class of nine boys in the Congregational Sunday-school at Bellows Falls, Vermont. A little later a small class of girls was added, and the class has since been maintained as a mixed class, growing in numbers and interest. More than three hundred have been enrolled in twenty-five years, the present membership being more than eighty. A twenty-fifth anniversary reception to the teacher by the class was conducted in an admirable manner. An observer writes: 'Mr. Osgood, while busily engaged during these years as a machinist, has made careful use of his spare time in thorough and prayerful study of the bible, and in laying hold of all possible helps in literature, in art, in nature, and in science. In the preparation of a lesson his first and principal effort is to become familiar with the text of the lesson, the context, and all related passages of the bible. He studies the lesson with each individual member of his class in mind.' He is constantly watching for apt illustrations as he reads, journeys or converses. He has taken journeys and engaged in special studies and pursuits in order to obtain a more complete preparation for his work.' He also provides for social gatherings, reunions, special entertainments of a musical character or with the stereopticon, talks on interesting subjects on weekday evenings, and excursions to places of interest. Special effort is made to aid the Sunday-school, and to manifest a spirit of loyalty to all its work. On one occasion two hundred dollars was given by the class in one contribution for home missions. At another time a fine picture was purchased. The habit of systematic beneficence is cultivated, and the members of the class are accustomed to lay aside a portion of their income for the Lord's treasury. Mr. Osgood is a friend and counsellor for every member of his class, ready to give advice and to render assistance in every possible way. He corresponds with absent members. He is watchful for opportunities to minister to all in times of sickness, sorrow, or trouble. Of course, the members of the class are deeply interested in their work, and receive great benefit from it.—S.S. 'Times.'

Children's Work.

I am glad to find how much the young people themselves can do for the benefit of missionary work. Here are some instances that have reached me:—

A lady writes: 'On Sunday afternoon I saw a little girl of about six or seven years standing outside a Sunday-school door, struggling to get something out of her glove. I asked her if I could help her. "Oh, no," she said, "it is only my halfpenny for the poor little children in India. I am going to send it to them to buy them some bread and a leaf of the bible, or if it will not buy a whole leaf, just a small bit of one, where they can learn that Jesus loves them. They don't all know that, and I am so sorry for them; aren't you? Here comes my halfpennp, and now I must run into school." '

From another lady I hear of two children, aged eleven and thirteen, who, quite alone, arranged a little sale of work in their dining-room. All the work was done by themselves and their little friends, so that it was quite a 'children's sale.' And the money they gained by their efforts (£1) they sent to the poor starving children in India.

Another little girl, named Bessie, wanted to get ninepence to put in her missionary box, and after talking about it with her mother, she thought perhaps she might get it if she could get up a little bazaar. So she asked two of her little friends, named Elsie and Dora, to help her, and they agreed to give up some of their playtime to making pin-cushions and little bags, which they filled with sweets, and to dressing two or three little dolls. One of them brought some roots of primroses, forget-me-nots, and pansies, and Bessie's mother gave some cakes for the refreshment stall.

The little girls sent out invitations to all their friends, and many of them came, so that at the end of the sale the little girls found they had taken twenty-two shillings, which so delighted them that they mean to try again next year.—'The Christian.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Cooking as a Trade.

So much depends upon the community in which one lives, upon the taste and capacity of the person who attempts the somewhat difficult task of earning money at home, that it becomes an equally difficult and often ungrateful task to offer one's advice and experience. Hoping, however, to help someone, who wishes in a quiet way to add to her income, I venture to offer suggestions which may prove of value.

Perhaps never before was there such an opening for the woman who can cook to supply her sisters who can cook also, but do not wish to spare the time for it, as at the present. But to be successful she must be thorough, neat and reliable. She would not buy a piece of cloth with a hole in it, neither should she offer a pie for sale with the crust burned half way round, a cake not properly baked, or brown bread with a crust requiring a hatchet to break it. If she does not know how to do these things properly, her first care should be to learn. Then, having learned, the best mode of procedure is to go out taking orders. Know definitely what she is going to do, and then do it in the best possible manner. My own experience of late rises up before me. I expected a guest, and when the little girl, with the tidy basket of doughnuts on her arm, appeared at the door, I gladly ordered a pie for next day's dinner. The pie came, looking deceitfully good, though overdone, and the thought of a ready-made dessert was a restful and happy one. My happiness lasted until I beheld my guest and my husband struggling with the awful crust underneath the fair-looking exterior, and then I wondered how anyone could make such stuff when it is so simple and easy a matter to make it good and eatable. It is not necessary to make expensive puff paste, unless one expects to supply the demand for finest cookery. Ordinary patrons will be satisfied with plain crust if perfectly made and baked.

I think the woman who earns will do better with a few specialties, which she can do perfectly, than with a larger list.

Meringue pies look nice (from the standpoint of salability), and are easily made. There is almost an endless variety of fillings, for which a meringue is daintier than an upper crust. Just one hint in regard to beating the egg for this—a pinch of cream of tarter sprinkled over the egg white and beaten in before the sugar is added, is an improvement.

Angel food cake is well adapted for an order business, as many ladies do not care to provide themselves with the necessary utensils for making it properly, or to take the pains in making it which are necessary; still it is one of the simplest as well as the daintiest cakes made. Angel cake is more tender and delicate if kept three days or more before cutting. A simple, golden sponge cake, prettily frosted, will be found very salable. Practice makes perfect, and comparatively few acquire the art of making ideal sponge cake.

Wedding cakes, too, are profitable. A lady whom I know, makes this her special work, and you may be sure she keeps a keen eye on the doings of Cupid in her neighborhood.

A bright woman, with energy, who can do some of these things, a little better than her neighbors, would be a blessing in almost any community, and especially in one where ladies like to give lunches and teas, and are able to avail themselves of outside assistance in doing so.

One woman whom I know, goes out at a dollar-fifty a day, and takes the entire charge of the cookery on such occasions. By making a study of the art of serving courses neatly, such an one could prepare and take all the responsibility of properly serving dinners, lunches, or other entertainments for ladies who do not keep help enough to entertain as they would like to.

In large towns there is a large number of people who work in offices at a distance from home. A canvass among these, among teachers, also, and pupils, might open a field of profit in serving lunches, put up in dainty boxes, each with its paper napkin. Much is added to the appetizing character of the lunch if the separate articles are wrapped in tissue paper. These should be delivered about noon, and the boxes gathered up later on.

The woman who cooks for profit should buy at wholesale, so far as possible. In estimating her prices, she must count her labor at a fair living rate, and by keeping strict account of material, she can soon judge whether her business will pay.

Pie crust shells, baked in little fluted tins, and filled with whipped cream, are something of which most people are fond.

The woman who has a good cow as part of her stock on hand is fortunate, as even the sour milk can be worked up into little pots of cottage cheese which are always salable. I know a brisk farmer's wife, in the thrifty East, who has her regular customers for this dainty, and she told me she sold from a dollar's worth upward every week. A little work, and the use of material which would otherwise have gone to the pigs brought in a welcome addition to her butter and egg capital. This is only one way among the many, by which women may earn at home, and in it, of course, as in all, success depends upon the courage and perseverance of the woman who attempts it.'—Mrs. F. M. Howard, in the 'Housekeeper.'

Training Up the Boys.

There is a society or club in a Western town in the sessions of which the members sometimes introduce rather queer subjects. They sometimes debate, too, and many of the topics they select are interesting, to say the least.

The other day a member rose and asked leave to suggest a motto for the mothers' club-room. Consent (contingent, of course) having been gained, the lady gave this sentence, which was in due course of time wrought into a motto, and now adorns the walls of the room:

'Remember that you are raising your boy to be some woman's husband.'

When it was put in place and all the women had looked and admired, one of the veterans rose and asked the originator of the idea what she could say in the way of a sermonette with that motto for a text. The woman was just a little fluttered by he query, but rallied, and finally admitted that she had not given a great deal of thought to the matter, but had an idea that if the mothers of boys would once in a while consider that the characters they are helping their sons to form will some day make some other woman either very happy or very miserable. Allow the child to have his own way, and there is the beginning of an arbitrary and overbearing spirit. Teach him that others have rights that he is bound to respect; that he is by no means all that there is to be thought of in the family; that he has duties and obligations to those around him, as well as others to him, and the foundation for a good husband is being laid. Teach him to be considerate and thoughtful of others, ever on the lookout for the pleasures and conveniences of those within his influence; always with a quick eye and a ready hand to see the need of a lift, or to do a good turn, and his comrades will gather about him, his family will respect and love him, and his wife, when he has one, will adore him. There is no commodity in the world so hard to get, as a really good husband. Most men have been so flattered and petted in their childhood, that they are spoiled long before they grow up. Their mothers, aunties, and grandmothers made them out angels, while they were little, and the idea that they were of a great deal more account than girls grew with their growth. They sometimes seem to think that women were made specially for the purpose of waiting on them, and many of them are inclined to accept all feminine homage as justly their due, and to feel in a measure defrauded if they do not receive it.

The exceptions to this rule are the high-minded, large-souled men, who can consider others as well as themselves, and whose hearts are full of genuine Christian grace and honesty of intent and purpose.

When a sensible, clear-headed, warm-hearted woman and such a man meet and decide to unite their fortunes and futures there is true marriage. They are above all forms of deception and misrepresentation, and their lives and homes are honorable, clean and of good report. They embody the ideal of life, and to know them is to admire and respect them, while to dwell under such a roof as theirs is a privilege and a pleasure not often vouchsafed to the children of men.—'Ledger.'

Luck and Labor.

Luck is waiting for something to turn up. Labor with keen eyes and strong will will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and lays the foundation of competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chances. Labor on character. Luck slips down to indigence. Labor strides upward to independence. Which do you depend on, my boy?—'Good words.'

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